

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

What shall I say if he, some day returning,
Shall seek thee, knowing not?
Tell him I waited—till pale death remembered
The life that love forgot.

If he should ask to know thy place of dwelling—
What shall my answer be?
Give him the ring of gold from off my finger,
Give it him—silently!

But if, as with a stranger, he still questions,
Say what then shall I do?
Speak to him very gently, as a sister,
Perchance he suffers, too!

And if he ask why silent and deserted
The halls so bright before?
Answer no word, but show the lamp extinguished,
The widely opened door.

And lest, perchance, he ask of that last hour—
What message should I keep?
Smile in his face, and say I parted smiling;
Yes, smile—lest he should weep!

—Austin South, in Sydney Bulletin.

THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"Quick, Jacopo—follow me," and driving
my spurs home, the good horse plunged forward,
topping the bank almost on the instant
that the animal, who rushed
out with a shout, rushed it. The man to the
left, who was riding a white horse, pulled
up in an unaccountable manner, and making
a point at the one on my sword side, I
ran him through the throat, my blade twisting
him clean round in the saddle as I
dashed on. The attacking party, coming
at a great pace, were carried by their
horses down the slope into the stream, and
before they could turn I had gained a fair
start, and to my joy heard Jacopo swearing
as he galloped behind me.

"Maledetto! I could not fire, signore—you
were right in front of me—but here goes." He
turned back in his saddle, and would have
let off his piece had I not shouted out:

"Hold! hold! till I tell you," and fortunately
he heard my words, or the chances
were there would have been a miss with
no opportunity of reloading.

We gained a full hundred yards before
the others recovered themselves, coming
after us with yells of anger, and I distinctly
heard Ceci's voice:

"Two hundred crowns for them, dead or
alive!"

Now commenced a race for life. We had
the start and meant to keep it; but their
horses were the fresher, and it became a
mere question of who could last longest.

We made the pace as hot as we could, in
the hope that if we came to close quarters
again some of our pursuers would
be tired. For a little time things went
well, and I was beginning to think we
should be able to show our friends a clean
pair of heels, when I suddenly felt my horse
pulling, stretching his neck forward and
holding on to the bit, in a manner which
left no doubt to my mind that he was done.

Jacopo, too, called out:

"We had better fight it out, excellency;
my horse is blown."

Before giving a final answer, I slung round
in the saddle to see how the enemy were
getting on. The only two who were at our
heels was the man mounted on the white
horse, who had pulled aside in so strange
a manner when charging me, and another,
whom I could not make out. The rest were
well behind, but riding hard. We could
probably account for these two, and turning
back I shouted to Jacopo:

"All right; fight it out."

As I said this my horse stumbled and
rolled clean over, killing himself on the
spot, but fortunately throwing me clear of
him and without doing any damage to me.
I had just time to scramble to my feet, when
the two foremost of our pursuers were upon
us.

Jacopo had been carried some yards on by
the speed of his mount, but as the men came
up he turned sharp round in his saddle and
fired. The report was followed by a yell
of pain, and the leading horseman fell; the
other, who bore the white horse, again
sheering off from me. Here he met with
Jacopo, who was coming back at a gallop,
and, it seemed to me, flung himself from
his horse, doing this in so clumsy a man-
ner as to be immediately ridden over by
my knave.

"Mount—mount, excellency—mount be-
hind me!" and Jacopo steadied his horse.

I ran him through the throat.

But there was no time, and three of the
remaining horsemen dashed up. Two of the
horses shied past the body of my animal,
but the third came boldly up, and the rider
immediately engaged Jacopo. I could not
give my brave fellow any aid, for my time
was fully occupied in dealing with my own
adversaries. Their horses were too fresh, or
not well in hand, by great good luck, and
so they could not manage to come at me
together. Seeing this, I made a dash across
the road into the wood—it was but a few
feet—and both my adversaries followed,
with the result that the horse of one of
them put his foot in a rut, and stumbling
forwards, unseated his rider, and the other,
in aiming a cut at me, got his sword en-
tangled for a second in an overhang-
ing bough. This second was, however,
enough for me to give him six inches of
my sword, and he pulled round and rode off,
dropping his sword and falling from side
to side in his saddle like a drunken man.
The man who had fallen from the horse
was now before me, and I did not
look for him, but rushed back to the as-
sistance of Jacopo, and this time, having

opportunity for observing, if only for a
twinkling, saw his opponent was my friend,
the slim monk. He, however, had as
quick an eye, and, taking in the situation,
made a sudden charge at Jacopo, and as
suddenly wheeling his horse to the left,
shot past him and fled on ahead, leaving us
masters of the situation.

"Are you hurt, excellency?" called out
Jacopo.

"Not in the least. How are you?"

"Nothing but a scratch, excellency, which
I received from his reverence, who, with
all his monkish cowl, wields a good weapon."

"Well, jump down and let us see who our
friends are, but first let us look at your
wound."

"It is really nothing, as I said, signore,"
and Jacopo sprang lightly to earth. I did
not, however, listen to him, and taking
from him his flint and steel, lighted a piece
of dry wood, which I converted into a torch.
With the aid of this and the moonlight,
I examined Jacopo's wound, which after
all was but slight, and had just banded
it up with my kerchief, when I became
aware that the man whom Jacopo had rid-
den over had risen on his hands and
knees, and was crawling off in the brush-
wood.

"Steady, friend," I said, and running up
to him, gave him a prick with my sword as
a hint to stop. He made a little outcry,
but had the good sense to take the hint,
and casting the light of the torch on his
face I recognized my old acquaintance, the
ancient Brico.

"So, signore," I said, "I have again to
be thankful to you."

Jacopo, too, came up and recognized the
man at a glance.

"Cappita!" he burst out, "but it is the
ancient Brico! Shall I beat his brains out,
excellency?"

"Mercy, most noble cavalier," exclaimed
Brico, "I yield me to ransom."

"Ransom forsooth!" called out Jacopo,
"such ransom as a noose will give you. Pre-
pare to die!"

"Be quiet, Jacopo," I said, "the ancient
has yielded to ransom, and we will leave
him to discuss the terms with the moon.
Fetch me the bridle from my poor horse
yonder, and bind this knave firmly."

Jacopo needed no second bidding, and in
five minutes the ancient, securely bound,
was sitting like a trussed fowl in the middle
of the road, alternately cursing and
weeping.

"Perhaps, excellency, we had better look
at the other," and Jacopo pointed to the
man whom he had shot, who lay on his
face.

"Perchance," he added, "he, too,
might turn out an old acquaintance."

We did so, and as we bent over him I saw
it was Bernabo Ceci gone to his last ac-
count. He was shot through the heart, and
lay quite dead, with a frown on his forehead,
and his teeth clenched in the death agony.
I looked at him in a sad silence, which Ja-
copo broke.

"I never knew a cross-marked bullet to
fail, excellency. He is stone dead."

"May he rest in peace," I answered; "he
was a brave man, although my enemy."

"He is still enough now, your worship—
and see! There is his horse grazing quietly.
It will do excellently to replace the lost
one."

He ran forward and secured the animal,
while I had a final look at my dead beast.
His neck was broken, and there was an
end of him. Whilst Jacopo at my request
was changing the saddles, I stirred up the
ancient, who had lapsed into silence, and
begged the favor of his informing me to
whom I was indebted for the excitement of
the night. Brico at first would not answer,
but an inch of steel removed his sulkeness,
and he told me all that I believe he knew,
which was to the effect that he and some
others had been hired by a great Floren-
tine called Strozz, to stop me at all haz-
ards on my journey to Rome, and that the
party was commanded by Ceci, who was to
pay them 200 crowns for their trouble. Most
evidently did not know, and, disregarding
all his entreaties to loosen him, we rode
off, wishing him a good night. Neverthe-
less I am afraid he suffered considerable dis-
comfort.

"That rascal monk," said Jacopo, as we
jogged along, "has gone on ahead of us, and
to-morrow, perhaps, will rouse the country
in advance of us."

"Never fear, Jacopo," I answered, "he is
no monk, as I well know, and his only
chance was to escape as he did. He will
hark back soon enough to Florence. Such
hawks as he do not fly far from their
eyries."

And in this I proved to be right, and the
library scribe was never seen by me again.

So we kept to our way, deciding to rest
by day on the banks of the Ebro, to which
we came in the early morning. Here we
concealed our horses in the forest which
fringed the banks, and the tireless Jacopo,
leaving me to watch the cattle, proceeded
on foot to a small hamlet he knew of, re-
turning in about an hour with the materials
for a substantial meal, and a small skin of
wine.

In this manner we continued our jour-
ney, halting by day and traveling by night,
and finally reached Leghorn in safety. Here
we took passage in a ship bound for Rome,
but were compelled to wait two days in
Leghorn, as the master was not ready to
sail at once. At last, all things being
arranged, we got our horses and ourselves
aboard, and put to sea with a fair wind.
The master of the ship had sailed with
Messrs. Columbus to the new world, and
lost no time in giving us the history of his
adventures, which were in truth marvelous
beyond imagination. I listened with a
smooth face, and the good rian no doubt
thought that I believed his stories. In this,
however, he was mistaken, nevertheless
they were diverting in the extreme. Jacopo
was overcome by the sickness of the sea,
and flung himself down in a corner on the
deck of the ship from which spot nothing
would induce him to move. At every lurch
he threw out a prayer which ended in a
groan, and so great was his distress that,
as he afterwards stated, he would have sold
his soul to Satan for a paul, if only to ob-
tain an hour's relief. As for me, I was well,
having had some experience of the ocean be-
fore, when employed by the most serene
republic for service against the Turk, and
found contentment in the master's stories,
and in pacing up and down watching such
things as came under my view. I had plenty
of opportunity for reflection on the voy-
age, and came to the conclusion that on de-
livering my letter to the cardinal at Rome,
I would seek out Bayard if he were there,
lay my story before him, and beseech his
help to enable me to recover myself.

At last, one fine day, we reached Ostia,
and there disembarked, after bidding fare-
well to the master, and set out on our way
to Rome. Jacopo recovered his spirits as
his foot touched land, and though the rud-
eness of his cheek had paled a little, he
was quite himself again by the time we
crossed the Stagno di Ostia. Finally we
came in full view of the Eternal city, and
towards the afternoon, having pressed along
at a good pace, our palled horses brought
us before the gate of St. Paul.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROME.

As we rode up to the ruinous stretch of
the battered wall, and saw before us the

gate, lying open against the mottled green
and gray high-ground of the Aventine, that
old hill, covered with straggling and un-
kempt vineyards, and studded with the
walls of monasteries, I was moved more
than I can tell, for I was about to realize
a dream of my life, and put my foot once
again in the place of my birth, a spot not
only bound to me by that tie, but sacred
with the hundred legends of my forefa-
thers' history. Men who had for centuries
played so great a part in its fate, until our
house was cast forth by the mother city,
to wander as exiles over the land. It is
true that since the days of my childhood
I had not seen Rome, it is true that such
memories of it as I had were dim and misty,
and that to recall them was like trying to
bring back before one's eyes, when awake,
the vague but pleasant visions of a deligh-
tful dream; nevertheless my heart filled
with a strange joy, and my pulse began to
beat more rapidly, as each stride of my horse
brought me nearer home. In short, I was
a Roman come back to Rome, and in these
words sum up my feelings.

Filled with such thoughts, I tightened the
reins half unconsciously, and my horse,
doubtless upset by his voyage, and the hard
going from Ostia, was willingly slackened
his pace to a walk. Jacopo, as in duty bound,
followed my example, and immediately be-
gan to buzz into speech.

In a short time we came opposite the
Mente Testaccio, that curious mound made

as I passed the grim gates from which my
ancestors held the road as far as the river,
and almost held Rome itself.

As we went past the island, I did not
even raise my head to see the Theater of
Marcellus, within which lay another and
the oldest of our family houses, having come
to us through Pierleone towards the close
of the eleventh century.

Jacopo was for going straight on past the
monastery of the Aracoeli, on the Capitol;
but, unluckily, I discovered that my horse
had cast a shoe, and this was a matter not
to be neglected. So we turned to the right
and entered the Campo Vaccino, formerly
the Forum of Rome. It being now sunset,
there were collected hundreds of oxen and
buffaloes, and from the height of Monte
Capitino we could hear the bleating of the
herds of goats which were pastured there-
on, and the tinkling of their bells as they
moved slowly down towards their shelter
for the night. A hundred fires were blazing
cheerfully, and served to dissipate the blue
vapor which began to hang over the place.
Round these fires were groups of people,
mostly countrymen, who seemed in the best
of spirits, as they listened to songs, or
watched numbers of their party, who danced
merrily to the tune of a pipe. Hard by were
a number of sheds, used by mechanics, and
the blaze, which showed a forge in work,
soon attracting our attention, we made
there at once, and had the horse attended to.

Whilst the smith was beating out a shoe,
I sat down on a rough bench, my horse be-
ing fastened to a wooden post, and Jacopo
holding his nag by the bridle paced up and
down, occasionally stamping his feet on the
ground to free them, as he said, from the
ants. In other words, he was suffering
slightly from cramp. To my right was a
large crowd, evidently enjoying a show of
jugglery, and from their cries of wonder-
ment and pleasure they seemed to be hav-
ing a number of the instruments of his trade.
I went back to my seat and watched the smith
at work on my horse, thinking that Corte
must have somehow come into funds.

By this time the blacksmith had completed
his task, and we delayed no longer, but went
off at once. It was fortunate that Jacopo
knew Rome as he did, or we might have been
hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of streets,
some of them in total ruin, some of them
entirely uninhabited, but at the time so
hideous was the misgovernment of the city
that all who could do so had fled from
Rome, and those who remained could not
have exceeded 30,000 in number, of whom
at least 10,000 men and women were beings
who had lost all claim to the respect of man-
kind, and were capable of almost any crime.
These are hard words, but true, nor, indeed,
have I ever seen a place where all that was
bad was so shamelessly exposed as in Rome
when Rodrigo Borgia was pope. At length
we reached the Strangers' Quarters, but
Jacopo's hostel was not to be found, and
after searching for it in vain, we were con-
tent to pull up before the door of a small inn
built on the lower slope of Monte Pincio,
barely a bow-shot from S. Trinita de Monte,
the church erected by Charles of France in
1495, and a little beyond the convent of the
Dames du Sacre Coeur. I cannot say that
the hostel was an inviting-looking place; in
fact, it was little better than one of the com-
mon eating or wine shops with which Rome
abounded; but it was too late to pick and
choose, and for the night, at least, I deter-
mined to stay here. Our first duty was to
attend to the horses, which we had stabled
in stalls, immediately below the room to be
occupied by me, Jacopo having to put up
with lodgings in the stables for the night.
After the beasts had been fed and groomed,
I set myself to a plain dinner, washed down
with the contents of a straw-covered mezzo
fiasco of Frascati. Jacopo waited on me,
and when I was done contentedly devoured
the remainder of the mazzo or boiled beef,
and cooled his throat with a bottle of Ma-
rino, which I presented to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alexander the Great.

No single personality, excepting the
carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done
so much to make the world of civiliza-
tion we live in what it is as Alexander
of Macedonia. He leveled the terrace
upon which European history built.
Whatever lay within the range of his
conquests contributed its part to form
that Mediterranean civilization which,
under Rome's administration, became
the basis of European life. What lay
beyond was as if on another planet.
Alexander checked his eastward march
at the Sutlej, and India and China were
left in a world of their own, with their
own mechanisms for man and society,
their own theories of God and the
world. Alexander's world, to which we
all belong, went on its own separate
way until, in these latter days, a new
greed of conquest, begotten of com-
mercial ambition, promises at last to
level the barriers which through the
centuries have stood as monuments to
the outmost stations of the Macedonian
phalanx, and have divided the world
of men in twain.—Benjamin Ide Wheel-
er, in Century.

How Naught of Taxgatherers.

Many and strange are the discoveries
which are occasionally made in the out-
lying districts of the dominions of the
great white ear. But it is somewhat of
a novelty that an entire village should
recently have been discovered of the ex-
istence of which no one seems to have
had any idea. Deep in the forests of the
Ural the authorities have discovered a
flourishing village, the inhabitants of
which speak a curious language of their
own and seem to form a sort of ideal
commonwealth, in which taxes and tax-
gatherers, among other troublesome
things, are unheard of. This latter de-
fect, however, is now to be remedied.—
N. Y. Sun.

Beardless Devotion.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want a
good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart.
He really and truly loves you.

Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?

Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been
borrowing money of him for six
months, and still he keeps coming.—N
Y. Weekly.

"Who knows, excellency—luck may turn."

Well meant as the words were, they
jagged on me, and, without replying, I moved
on, silently raising my sword to the salute,



As the little animal stopped before me I dropped
in a florin.

of old pottery, which lies towards the river,
southwest of the Ostian gate, and so en-
grossed were we in our talk that we did
not observe a large party of riders of both
sexes, with an escort of men-at-arms, com-
ing at a hand gallop from our right, straight
in our direction. Our attention was how-
ever sharply drawn to the fact by the cry
of an equester who was riding well in ad-
vance of the others, and this man shouted—
"The road! The road! Way for his holiness!
Way! Way!"

We drew off at once to the side, Jacopo
dismounting and sinking to his knees. I
however, contented myself with uncovering,
and watching with no little astonishment
the party as they came up. They were evi-
dently returning from hawking, and at the
head of the column of riders were two men
in full Turkish costume.

"Who are those Turks?" I asked Jacopo,
and the knave, still kneeling, and holding
his hands up in supplication, answered hur-
riedly:

"One is the Soldan Diem, excellency—
O Lord, I trust we may not be hanged as
an afternoon's amusement—the other, the
other, old Alexander VI. himself—O Lord!
What cursed luck! Kneel, excellency;
it is our only chance."

"Tush!" I replied, and remembered at
once that the brother of Bajazet, the Great
Turk, was a hostage in Rome, practically a
prisoner in the hands of Alexander, a
legacy he had inherited from the Cibo, and
which brought him 40,000 ducats annually.
I could understand Diem in eastern costume,
but the pope masquerading in broad day-
light as a Moor! It was as wonderful as
it was disgusting to me. And then the re-
membrance of Corte's daughter came to my
mind, and as they approached, I could hard-
ly refrain from making a dash to rid the
world of the monster who sat in St. Peter's
chair.

When they had gone, Jacopo arose from
his knees, and dusting them with his hands
whilst he looked up at me, said: "Corpo di
Bacco! But I gave up all for lost. I vow a
candle to St. Mary of—I forget where—but
to the shrine nearest to the place we dine,
for this lucky escape."

"Come, sirrah!" I said, a little annoyed,
"mount. There never was any danger."

"Very well, your worship," and Jacopo
drew a little to the front. "There they go,"
he said, shaking his eyes with his hands,
and turning to the left, where a dun cloud of
dust on the Via della Marmorata marked
the progress of the Borgia. "The best way,
signore," he continued, "is over the hill;
we will get a view from there, and then
passing by the places you want to see, make
for a quiet hostel I know of in the Strangers'
Quarters."

Following him, we rode up the Aventine,
until we reached the old wall of Servius
Tullius. Here we stopped to observe the
view. To the west and southwest we could
see the green of the Campagna merging into
the distant gray of the Roman Maremma,
whilst beyond that clear blue line below
the fush of the coming sunset, marked the
sea. Beneath us lay the Tiber and the is-
land, the yellow water of the river stirred
into ripples by the breeze, and looking from
the distance like hammered brass. Beyond
the Tiber rose Monte Gianicolo, beyond
which the top of the Vatican hill was just
visible. To the north the view was a little
shut in by the Palatine and the church of
St. Prisca above us, and far off rose the
cone of Soratte. Northeast and east lay the
Palatine, the Esquiline, and the campaniles
of Santa Maria Maggiore and San Pietro
in Vincoli. Over Monte Celio we could
see the heights of the Sabine hills, and run-
ning our eyes along the Appian way, we
could almost descry the Alban lake, the
mountains being distinctly visible. We
stayed for a few moments drinking in the
view, and then going onwards, turned
northwest, past St. Prisca, and began the
descent, by a winding way, held in by vine-
yards. Coming down we caught a glimpse
of the three churches of the Aventine, name-
ly, S. Sabina, S. Maria Aventina and St.
Alessio, which was held by the monastery of
St. Jerome, whose walls rose hard at hand.
A look to the right showed us the Circus
Maximus, above which towered a huge obelisk
surrounded by four lions. At length
we came to the Vicola di San Sabina, and
at the corner of the street rose the gray
walls and square tower of the castle of the
Savelli. I drew rein, and looked at it with
a bitter heart, and a sigh I could not con-
trol escaped me, as I saw the breeze catch
and spread to the wind the silken folds of
the standard of the Chigi, who bore quar-
ters on their shield the star of the Savelli
and the tree of De la Rovere. It flouted
there, in all the insolent pomp of a new
house, whose money bags were full, and the
sight of it was enough for me. Jacopo must
have caught the look on my face, for he said,
kindly:

"Who knows, excellency—luck may turn."

Well meant as the words were, they
jagged on me, and, without replying, I moved
on, silently raising my sword to the salute,

as I passed the grim gates from which my
ancestors held the road as far as the river,
and almost held Rome itself.

As we went past the island, I did not
even raise my head to see the Theater of
Marcellus, within which lay another and
the oldest of our family houses, having come
to us through Pierleone towards the close
of the eleventh century.

Jacopo was for going straight on past the
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Dames du Sacre Coeur. I cannot say that
the hostel was an inviting-looking place; in
fact, it was little better than one of the com-
mon eating or wine shops with which Rome
abounded; but it was too late to pick and
choose, and for the night, at least, I deter-
mined to stay here. Our first duty was to
attend to the horses, which we had stabled
in stalls, immediately below the room to be
occupied by me, Jacopo having to put up
with lodgings in the stables for the night.
After the beasts had been fed and groomed,
I set myself to a plain dinner, washed down
with the contents of a straw-covered mezzo
fiasco of Frascati. Jacopo waited on me,
and when I was done contentedly devoured
the remainder of the mazzo or boiled beef,
and cooled his throat with a bottle of Ma-
rino, which I presented to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alexander the Great.

No single personality, excepting the
carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done
so much to make the world of civiliza-
tion we live in what it is as Alexander
of Macedonia. He leveled the terrace
upon which European history built.
Whatever lay within the range of his
conquests contributed its part to form
that Mediterranean civilization which,
under Rome's administration, became
the basis of European life. What lay
beyond was as if on another planet.
Alexander checked his eastward march
at the Sutlej, and India and China were
left in a world of their own, with their
own mechanisms for man and society,
their own theories of God and the
world. Alexander's world, to which we
all belong, went on its own separate
way until, in these latter days, a new
greed of conquest, begotten of com-
mercial ambition, promises at last to
level the barriers which through the
centuries have stood as monuments to
the outmost stations of the Macedonian
phalanx, and have divided the world
of men in twain.—Benjamin Ide Wheel-
er, in Century.

How Naught of Taxgatherers.

Many and strange are the discoveries
which are occasionally made in the out-
lying districts of the dominions of the
great white ear. But it is somewhat of
a novelty that an entire village should
recently have been discovered of the ex-
istence of which no one seems to have
had any idea. Deep in the forests of the
Ural the authorities have discovered a
flourishing village, the inhabitants of
which speak a curious language of their
own and seem to form a sort of ideal
commonwealth, in which taxes and tax-
gatherers, among other troublesome
things, are unheard of. This latter de-
fect, however, is now to be remedied.—
N. Y. Sun.

Beardless Devotion.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want a
good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart.
He really and truly loves you.

Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?

Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been
borrowing money of him for six
months, and still he keeps coming.—N
Y. Weekly.